Dear Arch,

11/18/72

In revolving my Rolodex looking for a rarely-used address I noticed that I have yours. I had thought I didn't. Thus about a month ago you heard from me through Mary, not directly. I have heard from her, negatively.

Just a year ago I was in Dallas. Mary had phoned me to say that it was your desire that we work together. At about the same time there was a false report that the publisher was remaindering FRAME-UP. Under the contract I am entitled to them. We all agreed that I should have them. Mary then told me that when they were remaindered, you would arrange to buy them for me. Thus I made no other effort to arrange this, not really knowing the transitory nature of your given word. And as a consequence, when it became reality, I was leaning on a broken reed.

The timing for us could not have been worse. It would always be bad. Bad is a little bit worse than it need be thanks to those of means, who have without deviation, instead of helping what I have been doing all these years, have cost me money. Likewise without deviation, the little help I have received has been from those for whom it represented a sacrifice. People who must work each day to meet the needs of the day. For the others, no matter how extensive their means, there is never enough and, without exception, those of means and self-proclaimed dedication, who have collectively yet to do a significant thing or make any kind of significant contribution, manage to waste the time of the few who do the real work, not one of whom enjoys the slightest financial independence.

We survived our previous financial crisis with the partial settlement for fire damage to our Hyattstown property. We did not use this settlement to repair it. It is uninsured now because it is uninsurable. We have it up for sale. I doubt this will improve the prospects. Now even that is gone, leaving us without the capacity to meet overdue bills, like the last, from the plumber. Not luxuries. It will be two more months before we can expect any income, and then it will be slight. I don't know what we'd have done if there hadn't been this fire! Meanwhile, I've been forced to seek public assistance to meet our medical needs. I suppose that next week I'll see if we can qualify for food stamps.

You do not enjoy a monopoly. I got Ray as Bud's client on Bud's ageeing to certain simple conditions, all of which served Bud's selfish interest as if he could detach himself from an inordinate ego he'd realize. Bud has not kept the agreement, has not done any real work on the case, hasn't even mastered the basic facts, has, in fact, hindered what could be done and is entitled to no credit for what has been done. Yet the situation is such that he alone can get credit. The reality is that Cesar and I have done all the work, and it has been an enormous labor. I stay away from Bud, deal with Jim only. But the last time I heard from Bud he grumbled because Jim is no longer content to live off his wife for Bud's glorification! She makes enough for both of them, he complained. Of course they can live on her income, if not as they would like and young people should. But should Jim give up his future to make Bud a fake great man? Should he not be beginning to practise law, stand on his own feet? Not as Bud sees it. I have gotten not a cent from my work, haven't even recovered all my expenses, and have had the past six months loused up by the need to be available to do what Bud should be doing and for which he is not equal. That will now end, with the completion of the habeas corpus petition. It is less good than it could have been because of Bud. We do not have for it what we could have had because of Bud. We have what we do have in it despite Bud. And he is wealthy and will be the beneficiary of the work Jim and I have done. To this day, poor Ray thinks that Bud has done all this work!

When Jim learned more than a month ago that FRAME-UP is now being remaindered and he realized that as the Ray case progresses copies may be needed, without telling me and without my asking him, he told Bud. Bud immediate and principled reaction was he had to get someone else to make a gift of them to me. The total cost would be about $1,000. Wwalthy Bud the beneficiary, couldn't do this thing that would benefit him. Someone else should. Well, when I now have to find some means of adding to our debt of about $35,000 just so we can survive on the most elemental level, I can't now borrow for the remainders. Jim, who is without means, has volunteered to arrange the financing for me. How or when I'll pay it back I don't know, but somehow I will.

Without Jim, however, this would be impossible (if the crooked publisher, who still owes me money, doesn't find yet another way to make it impossible, a continuing endeavor in which the lawyer Bud has had no interest, such being his dedication, friendship and unselfishness). Yes, young Jim, who also works free.

There is one thing that distinguishes you from Maggie Field. You know, Hutton& Co. Field? Maggie asked me to go out to California at the end of 1966 to get Liebeler off their backs. I abandoned my second book to do it. I await the return of my actual expenses. Maggie was not wihout appreciation. She spent a couple of hours picking my brains and treated me to a luxurious lunch of the limpest sandwich I can remember! You at least took me to a couple of nice dinners. Not that Mary wouldn t have fed me, as she did the other meals I had in Dallas. And not that others didn't feed me in California. Working people only. I am content with hamburgers. I also go without them. In one two-week period inNew Orleans I lost 15 pounds when I existed on skim-milk powder for breakfastm fortified by vitamins, a 19¢ Burger Chef burger for supper, and had a total of four meals during this period, as the guest of others.

Those of you who have means also have the right to use or not use them as you alone see fit. I certainly have made no demands of you and don't now. I didn't even ask you to take me to the dinners you did. If you had not, I might have worked in that time, but no matter. No matter also how productive my working hours in Dallas were, after all those years in which the Dallas men could not and did not do what I then did and since have not arranged to utilize the arrangements I left behind. What a tribute to all that in eight years there was none who could or would do these things or finance them by those who could!

Never having been wealthy, I can't say that I understand the thinking of the wealthy or their attitudes, including to themselves. However, where people make pretensions of principle, I do them the courtesy of assuming they do hold to their principles.And thus I remind you that in years to come -I hope you have many left- you may at some point look back on the past and be troubled by the present.

If you will not at some future time have qualms, then I congratulate you and the Buds and the Maggies and the others with having found a way of taking it with you.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

cc Mary

Arch Kimbrough is a wealthy Dallas builder. Mary estimated his wealth at $50,000,000 when I was in Dallas the end of last year, and said he had established a $5,000,000 trust for each of his three teenage daughters. There were then other things I could and should have done with the time I spent with Arch at supper (to one he was so cheap he didn t eveninvite Mary!). There were two bank vice-presidents who are buffs, and after meeting them I had no time to go further. I had lunch with them once and had to leave that to open Dean Storey's files, which I did, but the Dallas group has not exploited this or the other archies I then opened. Arch's great contribution to assassination work is a chronology -one handwritten copy - thathe will deposit in the Dallas Public Library! Mary even buys her own xeroxes.Mary is a secretary. She has had serious family health and financial problems to cope with. In recent years her family has cleanedout her lifetime savings. Arch, of course, knows all of this.